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A SLICE OF LUCK.

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BY

J. M. MORTON, Esq.

BOSTON:

Wallis H. Baker & Co

A SLICE OF LUCK.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Adelphi Theatre, London, 1867.	*Boston Museum*, 18
MR. TRIPTOLEMUS TWITTER..	Mr. J. Clarke.....	Mr. W. Warren.
MR. BARNACLES.....	" C. J. Smith.....	" —— Farwell
CAPTAIN O'SLASH.....	" C. H. Stephenson.	" F. Williams.
JOSEPH *(servant to* TWITTER).	" J. G. Taylor.....	" J. H. Ring.
MRS. O'SLASH.....	Miss A. Seaman.....	Mrs. E. L. Davenp
JULIA MAYNARD.....	" Emily Pitt.....	" —— Hunte

COSTUMES.

MR. TWITTER. — 1*st dress*: dressing-gown, drab trousers, white waistcoat. 2*d dress*: black frock-coat, black hat.

BARNACLES. — Claret long frock-coat, light waistcoat, dark trousers, black hat.

O'SLASH. — Monkey jacket, white waistcoat, blue serge trousers.

JOSEPH. — 1*st dress*: black dress-coat, white waistcoat, black trousers. 2*d dress*: valet's coat.

MRS. O'SLASH. Muslin walking dress, light shawl, and bonnet.

JULIA. — Muslin dress, black lace shawl, white bonnet.

Time in Performance — forty-five minutes.

822
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A SLICE OF LUCK.

NE. — *An apartment in* TWITTER'S *house — door* C. *and* R. *and window,* L. C., *room well furnished. — Bell heard ringing violently,* L. — JOSEPH *runs in at* C., *out of breath; he is dressed in a black coat and trowsers, white waistcoat and cravat.*

Joseph. Coming, sir. By Jove, I've just got back in time! What a deuce of a hurry master's in this morning, never knew him ring his bell before ten o'clock since I've been here. (*During this, he has hurriedly pulled off the black coat, and begins brushing it — bell rings violently again.*) Coming, sir; I'm brushing your coat, sir! If he only knew I borrowed his dress-coat after he was in bed last night, to show off at our Annual Servants' Ball, a pretty bobbery he'd kick up. (*Suddenly*) There! I'm blessed if I hav'n't gone and left master's Inverness cape behind me. Perhaps I shall have time to run back for it. (*About to go, but sees* TWITTER *at door,* L. JOSEPH *immediately begins brushing the coat furiously.*)

Twitter. If I may judge by your style of setting about it, Joseph, I should infer that you had registered an oath to wear that new coat of mine out.

Joseph. (*Aside*) How the deuce can he know? — (*Aloud and stammering*) Wear it out, sir?

Twitter. Yes, sir, you're evidently under the impression that you are hearthstoning the door-step, instead of brushing a superfine cloth coat, sir! Have you no respect for the nap, sir? Any letter for me this morning?

Joseph. No, sir. (*Brushes away at coat again, but* TWITTER *snatches the brush out of his hand, and puts it in his pocket — aside*) There was one came last night, but it's in the pocket of the Inverness cape!

Twitter. Have you looked in the letter box?

Joseph. Yes, sir!

Twitter. Have you *felt* in the letter box?

Joseph. No, sir!

Twitter. Then go and feel in it, sir! investigate it thoroughly, sir! in all its ramifications, sir!

Genres. 15 Nov 44 Franklin

Joseph. Yes, sir. (*Aside*) I must get back that Inverness cape somehow or other. (*Aloud*) Please, sir, may I step out for half an hour?

Twitter. What for, sir?

Joseph. Just to have my hair cut, sir.

Twitter. You're always having your hair cut, sir! Why don't you have your head shaved at once, and have done with it? Go along, sir!

Joseph. Yes, sir. (*Going — stops.*) Please, sir, the coals are getting very low.

Twitter. So much the better! I'm sure they've been dear enough.

Joseph. Hadn't I better get in a sack or two?

Twitter. You'll get the sack yourself, sir, if you don't go about your business.

Joseph (*going out* C., *stops at door*). We shall want some candles, sir! (TWITTER *flings the clothes-brush at him.* JOSEPH *disappears.*)

Twitter. I've my suspicions of that fellow! he must have some motive, now, for telling me we're out of butter! It was only yesterday he asked me if I knew how I was off for soap! that looked queer! It's very odd I don't hear from my friend Smith, of Liverpool, — he has been trying, for the last six months, to find out whether my uncle Benjamin, who lived in New York, — when I say lived there, I mean died there, — left any offspring behind him, — I mean whether he *had* any offspring, because if he had, he must have left them behind him, — he couldn't have taken them away with him, conveniently. It's really a dreadful thing not to have a relation in the world. What's the use of having lots of money, if you've nobody to leave it to? A man naturally wants to see somebody enjoy it after he's dead! Then, to make matters worse, as it never pours but it rains, — I mean, rains but it pours, — I drew a prize in the foreign lottery, last week, and what's worse, everybody knew it! It was in all the newspapers the very next morning, headed "A slice of luck," and giving my full name and address. The result is, that I've been inundated with begging letters, like Mr. Peabody, and it was only the week before that I had changed my lodgings in consequence of an adventure that has kept me in a perpetual shudder ever since, except an occasional shiver! I was walking up Long Acre, or down Long Acre, it doesn't matter which, in fact I don't know which is which, when —— (JOSEPH *comes in quickly* C.) Well, sir, what do you want now?

Joseph. The butcher hasn't been for orders, sir.

Twitter. I didn't say he had, did I?

Joseph. Hadn't I better just step down and ——

Twitter. No, sir. (JOSEPH *goes towards* C., *then stops.*)

Joseph. We shall want some candles, sir. (*Disappears at a violent threat from* TWITTER.)

Twitter. Let me see, where was I. Oh, I know — in Long Acre ——

Joseph (*putting his head in again*). Can I step out to see my aunt, sir?

Twitter. Go to the devil! (JOSEPH *disappears.*) Well, I was going up Long Acre, when I saw a female walking before me, — I was behind her at the time. I think she had the most gigantic chignon I ever beheld, a sort of sandy color, and as round and shiny as a new cricket ball. Well, while I was wondering if it were her own hair or not, down it dropped on the pavement. "Then it *is* her own hair," I said. Well, just as I was picking up the article, for it rolled a considerable distance, I saw the owner turn down a street and enter a house. The door was ajar, so I entered too; but I'd no sooner got into the passage, than I was met by a stentorian voice, with an Irish brogue, exclaiming, "Well, have you got it?" "Yes," I said, "here it is," holding out the chignon. "Pshaw," replied the voice, "I mean the fifty pounds, — hand them over, quick!" the thing was clear, the chignon was a trap, and I had fallen into it. "That'll do at present," said the voice, as I handed over my pocket-book with five ten-pound notes in it; "when I want more, I shall know where to find you." "Will you?" said I, as soon as I got into Long Acre again. "Not if I know it." So I changed my lodgings that very night, bought that pair of pistols, which I'm afraid to load (*points to box on side table*), shaved off my whiskers, let my beard grow, and telegraphed off to my old friend Barnacles, at Peterborough, to come up to me immediately. — I shall have him to protect me, in case the ruffian, with the brogue, should find me out.

Enter JOSEPH, C.

Joseph. This way, sir.

Enter BARNACLES, C., *in travelling costume, and carrying a large carpet-bag, hat-box, umbrella, &c.*

Barn. Here I am, Twitter.

Twitter. Ah! do my eyes at length behold my Barnacles? Come to my bosom! (*Runs to* BARNACLES *and tries to embrace him, but can't do so on account of the carpet-bag, &c.*) Joseph, relieve Mr. Barnacles of his luggage, that I may embrace my Barnacles! (JOSEPH *takes the luggage.*) Now take them to the chamber prepared for my Barnacles.

[*Exit* JOSEPH R.

Barn. No, no, my dear fellow, I must go back to-night!

Twitter. Never again! no, no, Barnacles, I've got you, and I mean to keep you; you shall never leave me again as long as you live; after that you may do as you like.

Barn. What the deuce do you mean?

Twitter. Listen to me, you're in the oil and pickle line at Peterborough, aint you?

Barn. Yes.

Twitter. You smell like it,—and making a rapid fortune. Eh?

Barn. (*Aside*) He wants to borrow money of me. (*Aloud and shrugging his shoulders*) I manage to grub on!

Twitter. I'm sorry for it! I was in hopes you didn't sell a pint of oil in a week! I wish you had been steeped in pickles,—I mean poverty—to the very lips!

Barn. Good gracious! why?

Twitter. I'll tell you. I'm older than you, my Barnacles.

Barn. Only six weeks.

Twitter. And unless you die first, as I hope you will, the chances are you'll outlive me, in which case you'll come in for everything I have! I haven't anything else, or you should have that too!

Barn. (*grasping his hand*). Generous Twitter!

Twitter. (*Aside, and after a suspicious look at* BARNACLES) Umph! his eyes twinkled, as much as to say, "the sooner you pop off the hooks, my dear friend, the better." (*Aloud*) Then you accept?

Barn. With joy! with rapture!

Twitter. (*Aside*) Another twinkle! (*Aloud*) But there's a condition,—you must shut up shop at once, get out of your oil, part with your pickles, and fix yourself here, by my side, as long as I live, and longer, too, if I live as long.

Barn. It's a bargain! noble-hearted Twitter.

Twitter. Yes, yes. And as the first step towards getting rid of the "shop," go and soak yourself in hot water, for you smell of it most confoundedly; you'll find my bath all ready in that room. [*Exit* BARNACLES, *after* JOSEPH, R.

Twitter. Come, that's settled! Having taken Barnacles out of pickle, he's bound to *preserve me!* So if the ruffian with the brogue finds me out, I shall set Barnacles at him. I know it'll be ten to one on the ruffian, at starting; but that's Barnacles' lookout—as for his accomplice, the "fair one with the sandy chignon," I think I shall be able to tackle her myself.

Enter JOSEPH, C.

Joseph. Please, sir! here's a lady.

Twitter. Where? I don't see her.

Joseph. She wants to see *you*, sir.

Twitter. Who is she?

Joseph. I never saw her before, sir.

Twitter. (*Aside*) Goodness, gracious! if it should be—(*Very quickly*) Have you seen her behind, sir? I mean, has she got a chignon? (JOSEPH *is puzzled.*) A—you know, a knob at the back of her nob?

Joseph. Yes, sir.

Twitter (*shouting*). Barnacles! I want you! come here directly!

Barn. (*from without*, R.) I can't! I'm in a soak!

Twitter. Tell her I'm not at home, — if she don't believe that, say I'm out.

Enter JULIA MAYNARD, C.

Julia (*overhearing* TWITTER'S *last speech*). Deny yourself to a lady, — fie! fie! Mr. Twitter!

Twitter. I — I — (*Aside*) If I could only see her knob. (*Making signs to* JOSEPH, *who is standing behind* JULIA. JULIA *turns her head.* TWITTER *looks at her chignon. Aside*) It's all right, it isn't sandy, — besides (*shaking the chignon*), it doesn't come off. (JULIA *turns again.* TWITTER *runs to door*, E.) Barnacles, you needn't take yourself out of soak, — I don't want you. (*Aside, and looking at* JULIA) She's uncommonly pretty, whoever she is ——

Julia. May I take a chair?

Twitter. Two if you like, my dear madam. (*Aside*) She's exquisitely pretty! Leave the room, Joseph.

Joseph. Please, sir, may I just step out?

Twitter. Yes, and don't come back for a month. (*Exit* JOSEPH, C. TWITTER *runs to door*, R. *again.*) Barnacles, the longer you keep in soak, the better. (*Comes down to* JULIA.)

Julia (*smiling*). Mr. Twitter! I am about to surprise you.

Twitter. You've given me a very agreeable surprise already, ma'am.

Julia. Look at me. Well, don't you see any likeness?

Twitter. Of course, I do. Who to?

Julia. Can't you guess?

Twitter. Yes; perhaps I might, in time; but it would be a long job.

Julia. And yet I'm told I'm very like him!

Twitter. So you are, — only you see there are such lots of hims!

Julia (*giving letter*). Then this letter must explain!

Twitter (*opening letter*). What's this? "Liverpool," "John Smith." (*Reading again.*) Eh! You don't mean to say you're Uncle Benjamin's offspring?

Julia. Yes, his only child! I have only lately returned from New York, where you know I lost my poor father.

Twitter. No, I didn't know you had lost him, — oh, yes, of course, I'm so delighted you've turned up! I'd given you up as a bad job, — I had, indeed.

Julia. Indeed, Mr. Twitter!

Twitter. What do you mean by "Mister Twitter"? Call me cousin! cousin Trip-polipus — I mean, Tripmolipus.

Julia (*smiling*). Triptolemus?

Twitter. That's it, and I'll call you cousin ——

Julia. Julia! Julia Maynard.

Twitter. Married, eh? Then I've got another cousin, eh?

Julia. I am a widow!

Twitter. That's a pity! Any offspring?

Julia. No.

Twitter. That's *two* pities! But this letter's a month old!

Julia. Because when you quitted your old lodgings, you didn't leave word where you were gone to ——

Twitter. (*Aside*) No; I took care of that.

Julia. But luckily I happened to see the paragraph in the newspapers about your "slice of luck," ——

Twitter. Of course, I see, and in the mean time ——

Julia. I had found a home with a dear married friend of mine, — they are very poor, but kindness itself.

Twitter. Any offspring?

Julia. No.

Twitter. Well, of course, now you will come and live with me?

Julia. Mr. Twitter!

Twitter. Why not? I pledge you my word and honor you'll never have to say "Adone, do." Never. (JULIA *shakes her head.*) Then I'll tell you what! you shall bring your friends with you. We'll all pig together, I mean, live together, in the same cage, like the united happy family. We will, by jingo!

Julia. O cousin! how kind of you!

Twitter. Go and fetch 'em at once. Don't stand any absurd nonsense, but bring 'em, or I may change my mind, so, (*singing*) "Take me when I'm in the humor, Paddy will you now," &c., &c. Now go along. (JULIA *hurries out* C.; *as* JULIA *goes out,* BARNACLES *enters* R., *and sees her.*)

Barn. A female! ha, ha! sly dog!

Twitter. No such thing! that's she!

Barn. She! who?

Twitter. Cousin Julia! Uncle Benjamin's offspring.

Barn. Indeed! you don't say so.

Twitter. It's rather rude of you to say, "I don't say so," when I do say so.

Barn. All I know is, that twenty years ago your Uncle Benjamin's offspring was a boy.

Twitter. I don't care two-pence what it was twenty years ago! Besides, what if it was? Look how people alter! I see what you're at, Barnacles! you're savage because I've found a relation; you don't like being cut out; you can't bear going back into pickle again! I'm sorry for you.

Barn. Never mind, it can't be helped.

Twitter. That's right. (*Suddenly*) I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll have my oil of you. I don't use any, but what I want I'll buy of you.

Barn. Well, I think I'll go and take a stroll before dinner. I suppose you'll give me a bit of dinner before I go back to Peterborough?

Twitter. Yes, and after you've got back, too! There'll al-

O'Slash. (R. C.) After his handsome behavior to me? No, I couldn't, I really couldn't.

Enter TWITTER, L., *his travelling-cap on, and he carries a portmanteau in one hand, a carpet-bag and hat-box in the other, an umbrella under his arm.*

Twitter. Now if I can only manage to —— (*Going towards* C. *on tiptoe, stops on seeing* O'SLASH and BARNACLES.)

Barn. (*to* O'SLASH). Nonsense! Twitter's your man. (TWITTER *listens.*)

O'Slash. (R. C.) But I really don't like it; it goes against me to do it!

Barn. (L. C.) Pshaw! it won't hurt him! it isn't as if you were going to stick it into him very deep, ha! ha!

O'Slash. That's true! I only want to *bleed* him a little! (*Here* TWITTER, *who has overheard, falls into chair at back,* L., *letting fall portmanteau, carpet-bag, etc.*)

Barn. (*going up* C.) Then I'll try and find him; by the by, would you like me to be present?

O'Slash (*going up with him*). No! I'd rather do the business alone. [*Both exit* C. *to* R.

(*Twitter rises, and takes up luggage, and is going off,* C. — O'SLASH *returns and meets him.*)

O'Slash. One moment, if you please, Mr. Twitter, — this way, Mr. Twitter! allow me, Mr. Twitter. (*Hands him down stage.*) Now sit down, Mr. Twitter.

Twitter. (L.) I am sorry that a most important engagement ——

O'Slash (*twisting him over to chair,* C.). Sit down. (*Goes up to back,* R. C. *for a chair, and sees pistol-case open on table,* R. C., *at back.*) What's here? pistols! (*Takes one, and puts it in his pocket and brings down chair and sits on it,* L. *of* C., *by* TWITTER.) Now Twitter! after a deal of consideration I think I've at last got my courage up to the sticking-point. (TWITTER *jumps up in a fright.*) Sit down! (*Pushes* TWITTER *down in his chair again.*) When a man has got an unpleasant job before him the sooner he sets about it the better! Don't you think so, Twitter?

Twitter. I —— (*Looking at his watch.*) I had no idea it was so late. (*Jumping up.*)

O'Slash. (*Sit down, same game.*) When a poor devil like me, with lots of brains, but no money, sees a fellow like you with lots of money, but no brains, no wonder he feels tempted to commit a desperate act. (*Taking out pistol from his pocket and cocking it.*)

Twitter (*jumping up*). Help! murder!

O'Slash. Sit down. (*Same play as before.*) I'm aware, Twitter, it's poor return for your kindness to make your roof the scene of a domestic tragedy; but what is life after all? What does it matter whether you pop off the hooks to-day or to-morrow? And there's such a beautiful simplicity about it! A gentle pressure

ways be a knife and fork for you *here*, as long as you stop there!

Barn. (*going out* C., *stops*). It *was* a boy. [*Exit* C.

Twitter. Pooh! a very likely matter I'm going to doubt cousin Julia's gender! Just as if Smith, of Liverpool, mustn't know more about the sex of Uncle Benjamin's offspring, than Barnacles, of Peterborough. The fact is, he's been so much among the pickles, that it's soured his temper.

Enter JULIA, C., *followed by* MRS. O'SLASH.

Julia. This way, my dear Mary, — don't be frightened.

Twitter. Of course not. As Cousin Julia says, my dear madam, don't be frightened. (*Handing her down.*)

Julia (L.). Cousin, allow me to present to you my dear friend, Mrs. O'Slash, the kindest, the best ——

Mrs. O'S. (C.) O Julia! (*Turns round to her, so that* TWITTER *finds his face close to her chignon, which is unusually large, and of a sandy color.* TWITTER *gazes at it, examines it with his eye-glass, his nose almost touching it, then gives it a slight knock with his finger.*) Ah! (*Shouting and stammering, falls into chair,* R. C.)

Julia and Mrs. O'S. } What's the matter?

Twitter (*rises and gets* R.) Nothing, — spasms! (*Aside*) It's she! the fair one with the sandy chignon!

Mrs. O'S. (C.) Julia has acquainted me with your generous offer, — the more generous, being strangers to you.

Twitter. (*Aside*) She doesn't recognize me, — thanks to my whiskers that I've shaved off.

Mrs. O'S. And we accept it with gratitude!

Twitter. Delighted, I'm sure.

Mrs. O'S. But I'm afraid we shan't be able to enjoy your hospitality more than three months.

Twitter. What a pity! (*Aside*) And Julia knows this sandy-knobbed woman, — calls her dear friend! Can Barnacles be right, after all, about Uncle Benjamin's offspring's gender? And yet, this letter from Smith, of Liverpool. (*Looking at it.*) Eh! (*To* JULIA) This isn't my friend Smith's (of Liverpool) handwriting.

Julia. (L.) No! he had the gout, and somebody wrote it for him.

Twitter. Oh, oh, — not a bad dodge — (*suddenly on seeing* JULIA *look surprised*) — of Smith's! How is a man to hold a pen, if he's got the gout in his toe?

Julia. In his hand.

Twitter. I say, if he's got his toe in his hand!

Mrs. O'S. (*to* JULIA) How late my husband is. (*To* TWITTER) Will you tell me the time? (TWITTER *takes out his watch.*)

Oh! what a little gem of a watch. (TWITTER *crams it into his pocket again.*)

Julia. (L.) Can we be shown to our apartments, cousin?

Twitter (*Suddenly*, R.) No! I mean, I'll just see that everything's ready, — towels, soap, tooth-brushes, and so on. (*Aside*) I'll lock up everything in the house, from the attic to the coal-cellar, and then I'll find Barnacles. (*Aloud*) I shan't be long. (*Goes toward* C.*; then seeing that* JULIA *and* MRS. O'SLASH *are talking together*, L., *he takes several articles off the table and crams them into his pockets, then goes to* C., *stops, then snatches up the coal-scuttle, runs out with it*, C.)

Mrs. O'S. Your cousin seems rather eccentric, my dear.

Julia. (L.) As yet, I know scarcely more of him than you do; but he was so delighted on discovering my relationship to him, that I'm sure he's prepared to do anything in the world to please me.

Mrs. O'S. (L. C.) And you'll use your influence with him in my husband's favor?

Julia. Of course I will!

Mrs. O'S. Poor dear fellow! he's always full of some new invention or other which is to make our fortune, but which, hitherto, has only exhausted our little means.

Julia. And yet, upon his accidentally opening his pocket-book, yesterday, I fancied I saw ——

Mrs. O'S. Five ten pound notes; yes, but that is a sacred deposit he wouldn't touch for the world! a very singular adventure, my dear, which I will tell you one day.

Enter BARNACLES *and* CAPT. O'SLASH, C., *arm in arm.* O'SLASH *carries a large empty carpet-bag.*

O'Slash (*as he enters*). Yes, my dear sir! mark my words, — one of these days I shall come out with an invention that'll astonish all Europe! I've got it here, sir, here! (*Touching his forehead and placing carpet-bag on chair at back* R. C.)

Barn. (R.) Yes, I think he *has* got it there, and pretty strong, too!

O'Slash. (C., *to* MRS. O'SLASH) Ah! Mary, darling! Mrs. Maynard, your most devoted. As for you, sir (*to* BARNACLES), much obliged to your agreeable society; but, as I've arrived at my destination ——

Barn. (R.) If you come to that, so have I.

O'Slash. You don't mean that! Funny enough, Mary, I found my friend here in the middle of the street, staring about him much after the fashion of a stuck pig.

Barn. No wonder! London is so altered.

O' Slash. So I tucked him under my arm, and ——

Julia (*seeing* TWITTER *enter* C.) Oh! here comes my cousin.

Twitter (*as he enters*). I can't see Barnacles anywhere! (*Seeing him*, R.) Oh, there he is! (*Hurries down to* BARNACLES.)

O'Slash (*coming behind* TWITTER *and laying his hand on his*

Twitter. (*Aside*) Well, that's about the coolest thing I ever heard.

Mrs. O'S. (R.) The fact is, she wouldn't like to marry without your consent.

Twitter. She? Who?

Mrs. O'S. Julia! she thinks you would object to her taking a husband.

Twitter. Object! On the contrary, she's welcome to take any quantity of husbands she thinks proper! I'll give her away at once! Where's the happy man! Produce the happy man!

Mrs. O'S. Ha, ha! Of course you'll provide the *trousseau?*

Twitter. Of course. (*Aside*) What does she mean by a trossoo?

Mrs. O'S. And you'll see that it's done well.

Twitter. (*Aside*) Done well! evidently something to eat.

Mrs. O'S. (R.) And now, how much shall we say for the marriage portion? — five thousand? — *down* of course!

Twitter (*still behind the table*). Oh, down of course!

Mrs. O'S. You couldn't say less.

Twitter. I beg your pardon, I could.

Mrs. O'S. But you wouldn't *give* less to your uncle's daughter?

Twitter. (*Aside*) Especially when that daughter happens to have been a boy!

Mrs. O'S. Then that's settled. Julia will be so delighted. Oh, you're a very jewel of a cousin. [*Exit* R.

Twitter (L. *of table*). This is a settler! There's only one chance for me, to give them all the slip. I'll pack up at once, and pack off as soon as I *am* packed up! I'll leave London this very hour; I'll bid adieu to the white cliffs of old England forever, and bury myself down at Peterborough for the rest of my life. (*Goes toward* L., *runs back, takes up desk, and hurries out* L.)

Enter O'SLASH, *hurriedly*, C.

O'Slash. By the powers! I couldn't be mistaken! I happened to look over Twitter's garden wall just now, and there was my old friend Sharp, the bailiff, leaning up against the lamp-post opposite, and what's more, I'm afraid he saw *me;* he only wants twenty pounds of me, but that happens to be the exact sum I haven't got about me. What the devil's to be done? (*Enter* BARNACLES, C., *reading newspaper.*) Ah! here's Twitter's old friend; he has a comfortable look about him; in fact he gives me the idea of a man with a twenty-pound note to spare. (*Goes to* BARNACLES *and brings him down stage.*) I'm a man of few words! You haven't such a thing about you as a twenty-pound note?

Barn. (L.) You never said a truer thing in your life. I haven't! But there's Twitter! why not ask Twitter?

that brute Barnacles out of the way, by Jove! If the ruffian had only known there was a secret drawer in this desk full of bank-notes. I'll make sure of them at any rate. (*Takes desk off table, and puts it on chair*, C., *and opening desk.*)

Mrs. O'S. (*coming down* L.) Mr. Twitter. (TWITTER *shuts down desk, and sits on it.*) May I request a few minutes' conversation?

Twitter. Of course!

Mrs. O'S. Will you allow me to come to the point at once?

Twitter. That entirely depends on what sort of a point it is!

Mrs. O'S. Have you ever loved, Mr. Twitter?

Twitter (*still seated on desk.*) I loved my mother!

Mrs. O'S. (L.) Pshaw! (*Aside*) I must exaggerate a little for Julia's sake! (*Aloud*) I mean that intense passion that captivates, enslaves, enthralls! O Mr. Twitter!

Twitter. (*Aside*) I wonder what she's O Twittering me for?

Mrs. O'S. Tell me, if you knew that a woman loved with all the intensity of her nature, but that there was an obstacle to her happiness, would you hesitate to *remove* that obstacle?

Twitter. Obstacle?

Mrs. O'S. In a word (*Seizes his hand, and pulls him off desk. He rushes back and sits on it*), there *is* a woman whose happiness, nay, perhaps, whose very life is now in your hands. O Mr. Twitter!

Twitter. (*Rising, and carrying the desk at his back — Aside*) I do believe the dreadful creature is making love to me. Goodness, gracious! can I unconsciously have fascinated this sandy-knobbed female? (*During speech, has gone round point of table and got to the back; places desk before him, and leans on it over table at back.*)

Mrs. O'S. (×*ing to* R.) Why don't you answer?

Twitter. (*Aside*) This is another trap! and no doubt her atrocious pal is behind one of the doors at this moment, with both his ears stuck in the keyhole!

Mrs. O'S. (R.) You must guess what I mean?

Twitter. I do! but you don't get over me, you shocking woman you!

Mrs. O'S. (*advancing on him*). Mr. Twitter!

Twitter (*still behind table*). Don't come near me! you naughty, naughty thing! Who do you take me for ma'am? (*Speaking very loud and towards doors* R., *and* L., *alternately.*) Do you suppose I'm the man to trample the sacred laws of hospitality under foot, by wounding your husband, your *excellent* husband, in the tenderest part? I mean point! No, never! by the living jingo!

Mrs. O'S. Ha! ha! ha! what are you talking about, I haven't said a word to my husband about it; why should I? It's no business of his.

Twitter. (*Aside*) Then what the deuce is she talking about? (*Aloud*) Nothing, I'm sure!

Mrs. O'S. Then you will not refuse me?

Twitter. Refuse you what?

Mrs. O'S. My hand!

Twitter. Your hand?

Mrs. O'S. Yes!

Twitter. Oh, I'll take it with pleasure! (*Aside*) Anything to get out of the room! (*Aloud*) Delighted to make your acquaintance, Mr. Twitter. (TWITTER *suddenly drops into* BARNACLES' *arms.*)

All. What's the matter?

Twitter. N—othing! spasms! (*Aside*) It's the ruffian with the brogue.

O'Slash. (C.) Your delicious cousin has told me all. Give me your hand, sir. (*Seizing and shaking* TWITTER'S *hand.*) You're a trump, sir!

Twitter. (*Faintly*, R.) Yes! I am.

O'Slash. I don't mind telling you, — in all probability, sir, you've saved me from being locked up.

Twitter. I'm very sorry for it; no, I mean ——

O'Slash. And then there'd have been an end of all my clever plans and contrivances.

Twitter. (*Aside*) Yes; for seven or ten years, at least.

Enter JOSEPH, C.

Joseph. Please, sir, here's a man just brought a couple of big trunks, and half a dozen hampers.

O'Slash. All right, — they're mine! They won't break your back, young man, — there's nothing in 'em.

Twitter. (*Aside*) Of course, — he means to fill 'em here!

Joseph. Which room for the gentleman, sir, — next to yours?

Twitter. No; as far from it as possible!

O'Slash (*shaking* TWITTER'S *hand*). Good-by, Twitter, I like you! I like you much! (*Exit* JOSEPH *and* O'SLASH, C. JULIA *and* MRS. O'SLASH, R. TWITTER *watches them off. He suddenly rushes to* BARNACLES, *and drags him forward.*)

Twitter. Down on your knees!

Barn. Holloa!

Twitter. Down on your knees, I say. (*Forcing him on his knees.*) Now, swear!

Barn. Damn it!

Twitter. I don't mean that! Swear that you'll never leave me, that you'll eat with me, drink with me, sleep on a chair by my bedside, live with me, die with me. Why don't you swear?

Barn. But I say ——

Twitter. That'll do, — now get up. Why don't you get up? (*Pulls him up violently.*) Bless you! (*Embraces him.*) Now run to the first station, and take a couple of first-class tickets.

Barn. Where to?

Twitter. Yes, that'll do! Why don't you run? (*pushing* BARNACLES *up to* C.) And make haste back. Why don't you make haste back? (*Pushes him out at* C.) Yes, I'll give 'em all the slip, — that's my only chance. (*Turns to* L., *and finds himself face to face with* O'SLASH, *who has come in at* C.)

O'Slash. Very comfortable quarters, indeed, Twitter! The furniture must have cost you a deal of money, Twitter!

Twitter (*getting round to* L.) It isn't mine, — I've only hired it!

U. OF ILL. LIB.

O'Slash. That's a mighty fine diamond you've got on your finger, Twitter!

Twitter (*quickly*). Paste, my dear sir. I gave two and ninepence for it!

O'Slash. Now sit down (TWITTER *sits* L.), and listen to me, for it's only right you should know what sort of man you've got in your house.

Twitter. (*Aside*) He's going to confess! (*Aloud*) Well, if it will be a relief to you to unbutton, — I mean, unbosom yourself.

O'Slash (*standing* C. *by his side*). Twitter, I'm not an ordinary man!

Twitter. Quite the reverse, — you're remarkably good-looking. (*Aside*) There's no harm in flattering the ruffian!

O'Slash. I'm a man of genius, sir, in every way; but, unfortunately, I've never had a fair trial.

Twitter. (*Aside*) That's what they all say!

O'Slash. In short, sir, my life has been one of grand intellectual conceptions, sir, that ought to have immortalized me! Here's my last invention, sir, and a really beautiful thing it is. Look here. (*Taking a piece of wood out of his pocket.*) "Only a piece of wood," you'll say; what do you say now? (*A long piece of steel suddenly shoots out of the wood under* TIWTTER'S *nose.*)

Twitter (*shouting and jumping up*). Barnacles!

O'Slash (*pushes him down again*). Sit down with you, you can see it without your barnacles. Now with this simple contrivance, I'll back myself to pick every lock you've got in the house! (*Sees writing desk on table,* L.) Here, hand over that desk.

Twitter. Really, I ——

O'Slash. Never mind. (*Runs and gets desk from table* L., *takes it to* L. *of table* R. C., TWITTER *gets at back of table.*) Locked? that's all right, now look here, Twitter, — you can't find your key; say you've lost or mislaid it, what's to be done? break open your desk? Devil a bit, keep your eye on me. (*Inserting the instrument into the lock of desk.*) Click, there, the thing's done. (*Throwing open the desk.*) Beautiful, isn't it.

Twitter (*shutting desk quickly, and faintly*). Exquisite!

O'Slash (*looking about him*). Is there anything else I can operate upon? (*Suddenly*) Of course, let's have up the plate chest!

Twitter (*impetuously*). I haven't got any, all my silver is pewter!

O'Slash. The fact is, Twitter, my stumbling-block through life has been the want of tin!

Twitter. (*Aside*) It certainly can't have been the want of brass!

O'Slash. But now I've found you, my mind's at rest! And now, I think I'll just take a stroll over the premises. (*Goes to fireplace* R.)

Twitter. (*Following him — aside*) I won't lose sight of him for a moment. (*Aloud*) I'll go with you.

O'Slash. Don't trouble yourself!

Twitter. I couldn't think of letting you go alone, — I couldn't indeed!

O'Slash. Very well. (*Takes carpet-bag from chair,* R. C.)

Twitter (*suddenly*). Allow me! (*Taking hold of bag.*)

O'Slash. No, no!

Twitter. I insist upon it! (*Taking possession of the carpet-bag — watching his opportunity, thrusts his hand into bag and feels about it.* O'SLASH *goes up to* C. TWITTER *sticking quite close to him.*)

O'Slash. I've forgot my hat! (*Hurries down again to table* — TWITTER *still at his elbow.*) Where the devil are my gloves now? (*Turning the things over on table,* R. C. — TWITTER *clasps writing-desk.*) I'm only looking for my gloves — oh, bother, never mind. (*Hurries out* C. — TWITTER *following close on his heels.*)

Enter JULIA *and* MRS. O'SLASH, R. *door.*

Julia (*as they enter*). But you are quite mistaken, my dear Mary, I have no wish, no intention of marrying again.

Mrs. O'S. (R.) Nonsense! you've mourned the late lamented for two years, which, by your own confession, is twice as long as he deserved.

Julia. (C.) Our marriage was certainly not a happy one.

Mrs. O'S. Then the more reason for your making up for lost time! I happen to know a charming young fellow, a countryman of ours, who, I'm sure, will make you the best husband in the world.

Julia. Yes! they're *all* the best husbands in the world till you marry them!

Mrs. O'S. All he requires in a wife is youth, beauty, and a sufficient marriage settlement; you already possess the two first requisites, your cousin will provide the other.

Julia. No, no.

Mrs. O'S. My dear creature, what's the use of having a rich relation if you don't make use of him? Now go along. (*Pushes her over to* R.) And leave it all to me ——

Julia. But ——

Mrs. O'S. Will you do as I require you?

[*Exit Julia,* R.

Enter TWITTER, C.

Twitter. I've left him smoking his pipe in the garden; *there's* nothing for him to take there but mustard and cress, and that hasn't come up! I'm in a nice fix, I am! Bounded on the north by an inventor of patent picklocks, on the east by his sandy-knobbed accomplice, on the west by a counterfeit cousin, and

on the trigger of this pistol, and your goose is cooked. Of course, I'm only putting the thing in a philosophical point of view!

Twitter. Oh! that's all, is it? (*Assuming a tone of swagger and forcing a loud laugh.*) Ha! ha! ha! still, my dear sir, although we all have a goose given us when we come into the world, — of course I'm putting it in a philosophical point of view, — still it wouldn't do for us to be cooking one another's gooses whenever we thought proper.

O'Slash. Pshaw! a mere vulgar prejudice, sir!

Twitter. (*Aside*) He calls murder a vulgar prejudice!

O'Slash. Then you mean to say you'll sit quietly there and see me do it! (*Flourishing pistol.*)

Twitter (*plaintively*). How can I *help* sitting here, if you won't let me get up!

O'Slash. Fie, fie, Twitter! when with a few paltry pounds you might save a precious life; but if you will drive me to despair —— (*Gesticulating very violently with the pistol.*)

Twitter. But I won't! You're talking damned nonsense. How much do you want? What's your figure?

O'Slash. I'm really ashamed ——

Twitter. Don't apologize! I don't care how you raise your price, as long as you lower your muzzle. (*Knocking down the muzzle of the pistol which* O'SLASH *is holding towards him.*)

O'Slash. As I said before, you're a trump!

Twitter. I am! but lower your muzzle. (*Knocking down muzzle of pistol again.*)

O'Slash. And if you could conveniently spare me a twenty-pound note ——

Twitter. Is that all? No, I don't mean that; here you are. (*Takes a note out of his pocket.*) But first lower your muzzle. (*Knocking down muzzle again.*) Here's the money. (*Gives it.*)

O'Slash (*smiling*). And here's your pistol. (*Gives it.*)

Twitter. Mine? (*Rising, and aside*) So it is, then it isn't loaded! and he couldn't have cooked my goose after all! Oh! if I had only known it before, I'd have snapped my fingers at his muzzle.

Enter JULIA *and* MRS. O'SLASH, R.

Oh, lor! here's the rest of the gang! (*X's to* L.)

O'Slash. Mary, my dear, oblige me by instantly blessing that man till I tell you to stop! (*Pointing to* TWITTER, *they embrace him, to his great terror.*) And now you have blessed him, promise to remind me in two or three years' time that I owe him twenty pounds. (*Taking out pocket-book and opening it, about to deposit note in it.*)

Mrs. O'S. (L.) O generous man! but for you my husband would have been arrested for debt.

Twitter. (R. C.) Debt! a very likely matter, with a handful

of bank-notes in his pocket-book. (*Pointing to* O'SLASH'S *pocket-book.*)

O'Slash. (L. C.) Hark'ee, Twitter! poor as I am, I'd starve sooner than touch a farthing that doesn't belong to me!

Twitter. (*Aside*) He touched my twenty pounds fast enough!

O'Slash. I'm keeping this money till I've found the rightful owner. About a fortnight ago I was expecting a loan of fifty pounds from a friend by a messenger; my wife had been looking out for him up and down Long Acre ——

Twitter. Eh! what's this — Long Acre?

O'Slash. Yes! well, an individual suddenly presents himself, I think it's the messenger. "Have you got it?" says I. "Yes," says he, and puts a great big ball of hair in my hand. "I mean the fifty pounds," says I; "hand it over," says I, and he does! The man must have been an idiot, sir! a wretched, contemptible idiot! Don't you think so?

Twitter. Yes; I'm gradually coming to that opinion.

O'Slash. No doubt the poor simpleton thought it was a conspiracy to rob him.

Twitter. Yes; I did! I mean, *he* did!

O'Slash. Eh? then you know the idiotic creature?

Twitter. Well, I —— (*Seeing* BARNACLES *enter* C. — *aside to* O'SLASH) That's he! hush! give me the notes. (*Taking pocket-book from* O'SLASH, *beckons to* BARNACLES, *who comes down* L. C.) Barnacles, there's your fifty pounds. (BARNACLES, *about to speak.*) Hush!

O'Slash. (*To* BARNACLES) Ha, ha! I can't help laughing.

Twitter. No more can I, ha, ha! (*Aside to* BARNACLES) Laugh!

Barnacles (L. C., *forces a stupid laugh*). Ha!

O'Slash. (R. C.) So you thought the whole affair was a trap, did you? ha, ha!

Twitter. Yes, you thought it was a trap, didn't you? ha, ha! (*To* BARNACLES, *who is about to speak*) Hush!

Mrs. O'S. (L.) And that *I* was an accomplice, — fie, fie, Mr. Barnacles!

Twitter. Fie, fie, Barnacles! (*Aside to him*) Hush!

Barn. (L. C.) Oh, confound it! I don't want the money!

Twitter (*giving money to* O'SLASH). In other words, he begs you'll accept it.

O'Slash. (×*ing to* L. C.) Generous being! (*Grasping and shaking* BARNACLES' *hand.*)

Mrs. O'S. (*shaking* BARNACLES' *other hand.*) Noble-minded man!

Barn. (×*ing to* R.) Well, but once for all, I ——

Twitter. (*Aside to him*) Hush!

Enter JOSEPH, C., *with a letter, and carrying an Inverness cape.*

Joseph. A letter, sir, just come. (*Aside*) Out of the pocket of the Inverness cape!

Twitter. (C.) Eh! another epistle from Smith of Liverpool.

Joseph. Please, sir, may I go out?

Twitter. Where to?

Joseph. To a christening, sir!

Twitter. Go to the —— (*Exit* JOSEPH, C.) What's this! "Uncle Benjamin — married again — left a daughter, Julia, since married." (*To* JULIA) Then you *are* uncle Benjamin's offspring after all?

Julia. (R. C.) Did you ever doubt it, cousin?

Twitter. Never! only Barnacles would have it you were a boy. (*To* BARNACLES, R.) A pretty mess you've made of it! (*To* O'SLASH) You shall stop here till I've had enough of you, I mean till you've had enough of *me*, and what's more, I place every lock in the house at your disposal; so pick away to your heart's content. As for you, cousin, I'll give you a wedding portion, and you shall marry the man of your heart.

Julia. (R. C.) But I haven't got a man of my heart!

Twitter. Haven't you? Then let me be the man of your heart.

Julia. O cousin!

Twitter. I don't want to hurry you; of course you must have ample time to consider, so I'll give you five minutes; and, in the meantime, I'll venture to assure our friends here present, that if our efforts to amuse them have been successful, *that* will indeed be a SLICE OF LUCK!

BARNACLES. JULIA. TWITTER. MRS. O'S. CAPT. O'S.
R. **Curtain.** L.

LIST OF PLAYS.

ARRANGED BY NUMBER OF CHARACTERS, MALE AND FEMALE.
FURTHER PARTICULARS IN REGULAR LIST.
PRICE GIVEN AFTER EACH PLAY.

Where a play is known under two titles, both are given as separate plays, in this list only.

TWO CHARACTERS. — One Male, one Female.

An Original Idea . . 15

THREE CHARACTERS. — Two Males, One Female.

Box and Cox 15
Unprotected Female . 15
Mary Moo 15
Silent Woman . . . 15
Which Shall I Marry? 15

One Male, Two Females.

Apples 15
Two Flats and a Sharp 15
Which will Have Him? 15

FOUR CHARACTERS. — Two Males, Two Females.

Bouquet 15
Give a Dog, etc. . . 15
Match Makers . . . 15
Personal Matter . . 25
Census Taker . . . 15
Mr. Joffin's Latchkey 15
None so Deaf as those who Won't Hear . 15
Fairy's Father . . . 15
Madam is Abed . . . 15
Putkins 15
Zerubabel's Second Wife 15

Three Males, One Female.

Bombastes Furioso . 15
The Tempter 15
Sailor's Return . . . 15

FIVE CHARACTERS. — Three Males, Two Females.

Anonymous Kiss . . 15
Cousin Tom 15
Done on Both Sides . 15
Sylvia's Soldier . . . 15
Ugly Customer . . . 15
Blue and Cherry . . 15
Doubtful Victory . . 15
My Son Diana . . . 15
Two Buzzards . . . 15
Appearances are Deceitful 15
Don't Judge by Appearances 15
Under a Veil 15
Nature and Philosophy 15
To Oblige Benson . . 15
Welsh Girl 15
The Youth who Never Saw a Woman . . 15

Two Males, Three Females.

Kiss in the Dark . . 15
My Husband's Secret 15
Phantom Breakfast . 15
Poor Pillicoddy . . . 15

Four Males, One Female.

Only a Clod 15
Two Heads are Better than One 15
Trumpeter's Daughter 15

SIX CHARACTERS. — One Male, Five Females.

The Only Young Man in Town 30

Three Males, Three Females.

Aunt Charlotte's Maid 15
Always Intended . . 15
My Sister's Husband . 15
Never Say Die . . . 15
Your Life's in Danger 15
Sarah's Young Man . 15
Two Puddifoots . . 15

Four Males, Two Females.

Dandelion's Dodges . 15
Drop Too Much . . 15
From Information I Received 15
I've Written to Brown 15
John Wopps 15
Nursey Chickweed . 15
Needless Stratagem (A) 15
Once on a Time . . . 15
Slice of Luck (A) . . 15
Sullivan, The Slugger 15
Sunshine through the Clouds 15
Soldier, Sailor, Tinker, and Tailor 15
We're All Teetotallers 15

Five Males, One Female.

Advice to Husbands . 15
Diamond Cut Diamond 15

Two Males, Four Females.

Eliza Carisbrooke, etc. 15
How the Colonel Proposed 15
Jane's Legacy . . . 15

SEVEN CHARACTERS. — Four Males, Three Females.

Boston Dip 15
Bowled Out 15
Bit of Brummagem . 15
Brother Bill and Me . 15
Class Day 25
Comrades 25
Don's Stratagem . . 15
My Turn Next . . . 15
Mysterious Disappearance 15
Poison 25
Peace and Quiet . . 15
Smashington Goit . . 15
Silverston's Wager . 15
Thirty Minutes for Refreshments 15

Three Males, Four Females.

Cool Collegians (The) . . . 25 | Pretty Piece of Property . 15

Six Males, One Female.

Family Failing . . . 15 | Look After Brown . 15 | Turkish Bath . . . 15

Five Males, Two Females.

Dora 15
Free Ward (The) . . 15
John Dobbs 15
Old Honesty 15
Poor Peter 15
Slasher and Crasher . 15
Seeing the Elephant . 15

EIGHT CHARACTERS. — Four Males, Four Females.

Crinoline 15
Christmas Box . . . 15
Our Mutual Friend . 25
My Precious Betsy . 15

Six Males, Two Females.

Blanks and Prizes . . 15
Daughter of Regiment 15
Fighting by Proxy . 15
Love's Labor Saved . 15
True Unto Death . . 15
Uncle Robert . . . 15

Five Males, Three Females.

Bread on the Waters . 15
Flower of the Family 15
His Last Legs . . . 15
Husband to Order . . 15
John Smith 15
Last Loaf (The) . . . 15
Little Brown Jug (The) 15
Little More Cider . . 15
My Brother's Keeper . 15
Nicholas Flam . . . 15

Seven Males, One Female.

Payable on Demand . 15 | Sea of Troubles . . . 15

NINE CHARACTERS. — Six Males, Three Females.

Another Glass . . . 15
Down by the Sea . . 15
Dunducketty's Picnic 15
Hit Him, He has no Friends 15
Midnight Banquet . . 15
On and Off 15

Five Male, Four Females.

Better than Gold . . 25 | Queen's Heart (The) . 15 | Race for a Widow . . 15

Two Males, Seven Females.

Thorn among the Roses 15

TEN CHARACTERS. — Six Males, Four Females.

Among the Breakers . 15
Bull in a China Shop . 15
Duchess of Dublin . 15
Damon and Pythias . 15
Game of Dominos . . 15
Lost in London . . . 15
Lying will Out . . . 15
Mrs. Walthrop's Bachelors 25

Seven Males, Three Females.

Coupon Bonds . . . 25
Enlisted for War . . 15
Ella Rosenberg . . . 15
Flowing Bowl (The) . 25
Home Guard (The) . 15
Miller and his Men . 15
Paddle your Own Canoe 15
Shaker Lovers . . . 15

Five Males, Five Females.

Both Alike 15
Cleft Stick (The) . . 15
Old and Young . . . 15
Lords of Creation . . 15

ELEVEN CHARACTERS. — Six Males, Five Females.

Babie 25
Giralda 15
The Miller's Wife . . 15
Our Folks 15
The "Tomboy" . . . 15

Eight Males, Three Females.

Lost Mine (The) . . 25
"Nevada" 25
One Hundred Years Ago 15
Our Boys of 1776 . . 15

Seven Males, Four Females.

Above the Clouds 15

Five Males, Six Females.

The Christening 15

Nine Males, Two Females.

Don Cæsar de Bazan . 15

Twelve Characters. — Nine Males, Three Females.

Ticket of Leave Man . . . . . 15 | Wife's Secret (The) 15

Ten Males, Two Females. Eight Males, Four Females.

Gaspardo, the Gondolier . . . . 15 | Fool's Revenge (The) 15

Over Twelve Characters.

Aladdin 15	Jeweller's Apprentice 15	Scarlet Letter . . . 15
Babes in the Woods . 15	Lady of Lyons . . . 15	School for Scandal . 15
Captain Kyd 15	Lady of the Lake . . 15	Stolen Will (The) . . 25
Clari 15	Monseigneur 15	Golden Butterfly (The) 25
Dumb Girl of Portici . 15	Maid of Milan . . . 15	Two Orphans (The) . 25
East Lynne 15	Masaniello 15	Virginia Veteran . . 25
Forced to the War . 25	Naaman, the Syrian . 25	Wallace 15
Hero of Scotland . . 15	Octoroon (The) . . . 25	Zelina 15
Hunchback (The) . . 15	Poor Gentleman . . 15	Blue and Gray, or Star
Hamlet 15	Past Redemption . . 25	of Empire 30
Hidden Hand . . . 15	The Stranger 15	

Male Characters Only.

Number of Characters given instead of price, which is uniformly 15 *cents each.*

Coals of Fire 6	Man with the Demijohn 4	Stand by the Flag . . 5
Close Shave 6	My Uncle the Captain 6	Shall Our Mothers Vote 11
Freedom of the Press . 8	New Brooms Sweep	Two Gentlemen in a Fix 2
Gentlemen of the Jury 12	Clean 6	Too Late for the Train 2
Great Umbrella Case 32	Public Benefactor . . 6	Thief of Time (The) . 6
Great Elixir 9	Pedlar of Verynice . 7	Tender Attachment . 7
Humors of the Strike 8	Rival Poets 2	Very Pleasant Evening 3
Hypochondriac (The) 5	Runaways 4	Wanted, a Male Cook 4
	Ready-made Suit . . 35	

Female Characters Only.

15 *cents each, except Rebecca's Triumph, which is* 25 *cents.*

Aunt Mehitable's Sci-	Greatest Plague in Life 8	Red Chignon 6
entific Experiment . 6	The Grecian Bend . . 7	Rebecca's Triumph . 16
Champion of Her Sex 8	Love of a Bonnet . . 6	Tipsy Pudding . . . 8
Dog that will Fetch, &c. 6	No Cure, No Pay . . 7	Using the Weed . . 7
Eliza's Bonafide Offer 4	Precious Pickle . . . 7	Voyage of Life . . . 9

Musical and Other Plays for Children.

Male and Female Characters.

Accelerate — operatic	College Ned—operetta 15	Merry Christmas . . 15
charade 15	Dorothy's Birthday—	R. E. Porter 75
Bachelor's Christmas 25	operetta 25	Santa Claus Frolics . 15
Bunch of Buttercups 15	Diamonds and Toads—	Santa Claus First . . 25
Christmas Carol . . 15	operetta 15	Santa Claus at Home . 20
Centennial—charade . 15	Fairy of Fountain . . 25	Seven Ages—Tableaux
Conjuration—operatic	Holidays 15	ent. 15
charade 15	Hunt the Thimble . 50	Titania 25
	Lost Children . . . 15	

Musical Allegories for Female Characters Only.

Lightheart's Pilgrim-	Revolt of the Bees . . 15	Vision of Freedom . 15
age 15	Tournament of Idyl-	War of Roses . . . 15
	court 15	

The Pilgrim's Choice, for Male and Females.

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Anonymous, shadow pantomime . . 25	tomime 25	
Arabella and Lionel, pantomime . 15	H. M. S. Pinafore, opera 15	
A. Ward's Wax Figger Show . . . 25	In Pawn, shadow pantomime . . . 25	
Bon Bons, musical and dramatic	Jenny Lind, operetta 15	
entertainment 25	Sculptor's Triumph, tableau ent. . 15	
Capuletta, operatic burlesque . . 15	Snow Bound, musical and dramatic	
Cinderella, shadow pantomime . . 25	entertainment 25	
Drink, shadow pantomime 25	Orpheus, shadow pantomime . . 25	

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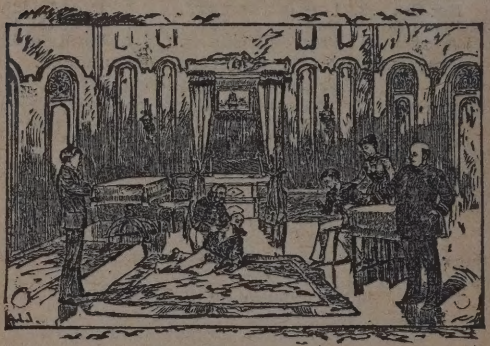

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